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THE LATE CHINESE EMPRESS, NEWKOOLUH,

FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT IN OIL, BY A NATIVE ARTIST.

XUM

THE LATE CHINESE EMPRESS, NEWKOOLUH.

Neither in the ancient or modern history of China, do the Empresses of the Celestial Empire, meet with any mention. Mere appendages to the royal person of the Emperor, there appear to have been no circumstances which have called for their appearance without the walls of the imperial palace. Therefore, we have little to relate of the private or public life of the late Empress, whose portrait embellishes our present number; but by the following memoir, she evidently appears to have been a person of great worth.

"At her death, a new edict was issued, in which the excellent virtues of the late Empress, Newkooluh, were held forth in the strongest language of conjugal affection. Overflowing with kindness towards all, lovely and winning, she held the controul over the hearts of all around her, not by dint of authority, but by gentleness and forbearance. The Emperor confesses that he was strongly attached to her, and on account of the above sterling qualities was prevailed upon to make her his spouse, and the head of his harem. Three happy years thus passed; her intercourse lightened the burden of government, and the charm she transfused around the court conciliated all their hearts. Soon, however, were these scenes of bliss changed to sadness, and her unfortunate partner felt himself left alone and forsaken. There was one good quality for which she was especially eminent—filial piety. And since she became a pattern to the court in this particular, her posthumous name will henceforth be Heaou tseuen Hwanghow, Empress Perfectibility of Filial Obedience.

"The burial was celebrated with very great splendour. The Mongol Princes were directed to go in mourning, and even the Korean tribute bearer was ordered to wear for a time, with all his suite, the white dress. The good woman's decease was sincerely lamented by all who knew her, for she was one of the brightest jewels in the highest circles. But when we read that after so much display of sincere grief, the musicians, according to Chinese etiquette, were ordered to strike up the most favourite airs, and to make the vaults resound with the merry peal of the gong, then we almost doubt whether, in this land of ceremony, either all feeling is absorbed in form, or the mournful strains of deep-felt suffering are to be exchanged for the notes of revel and mirth, to expel dull care for ever."

However unimportant the lives of the Empresses appear, we have one contrary instance, and that being a signal occurrence, may give some notion of what even a Chinese Empress can do under trying circumstances.

It was after the death of Yu, the founder of the dynasty of that name, that turbulencies and divisions took place for the succession. Subordinate officers of the empire seized on the imperial sceptre, and made so general a massacre in the palace, that they believed the name and race of Yu to be for ever extinguished.

They were deceived, however: the Empress Min, in this calamity of her house, fled to a remote city, where, in a place of concealment, she brought forth a son, named Chao-Kang.

The better to conceal his origin, she employed him as a shepherd boy, to tend flocks on the neighbouring mountains. Reports of the existence of such a youth, and of his occupation, at length reached the ears of Han-tsou, the officer who had then usurped the imperial sceptre, and who sent orders to bring him, dead or alive.

The royal widow then withdrew her child from the pastoral life, and placed him as under-cook in the household of a neighbouring governor (Ti-Chou.) Here the lad soon distinguished himself by a spirit and temper so superior to this humble station, that the master's suspicions were roused, and he at length obliged or induced him to disclose his name and birth.

This officer, however, as the Empress well knew, was devotedly attached to the house of Yu or Hia; he therefore not only kept the secret, but eagerly watched for an opportunity to restore the youth to the throne of his ancestors. He gave him a small government in a remote station, which he administered with a prudence that gained him great reputation. Yet he was more than thirty years old before the governor, by engaging other chiefs in his interest, could assemble such a force as might justify the attempt to make head against the usurper. The latter, on hearing that their army was on its march, hastily assembled his troops, and led them to the attack, before the reverence which they still felt for the memory of the great Yu could operate in shaking their fidelity.

At the first onset, Ti-chou, at the head of a chosen band of three hundred, dashed into the heart of the enemy, seized Han-tsou himself, and carried him off prisoner; upon which his followers, dismayed and deprived of their leader, took to precipitate flight. The scattered divisions spread in different directions, and, after several other combats, were completely dispersed.

Chao-Kang, with his revered mother, the Empress Min, who had preserved him by her fortitude and prudence through all vicissitudes, then entered the capital, and was crowned amid the acclamations of the people.

A precisely parallel instance occurs in English history. With the same fortitude of mind, and magnanimity of conduct, our Queen Margaret, through all perils, carried and preserved the infant king. Nature is everywhere the same, from the Land's End to the Antarctic, as is marked in this identity of conduct between a British Queen and an Empress of the Celestials.

THE ANGEL OF LOVE'S EDEN.

A POEM.

[*For the Mirror.*]

It was the hour of midnight! Many a star
Glitter'd in loveliness—surpassing far
The lustre of the diamond; and the moon
March'd in the firmament as to a tune
Of solemn sweetness:—while i' the starlight pale,
Sat, breathing melody, the nightingale.

* * * * *

It was this solemn, still, and midnight hour,
Which for long years had held unfading power
To draw a spirit from his sphere—to leave
A realm of glory, and awhile to grieve
For mortal sorrows! 'Twas a gentle sprite,
And pure, and holy. She eschew'd the light
Of the hot sun, and lov'd the mellow sheen,
Shed upon earth by Heaven's maiden queen.

* * * * *

Oft would she pass into the shady grove,
And listen to the vows of ardent love
Breath'd by the youths in voice of melody;
And the low sweet response, the blissful sigh,
The modest blush, would watch;—and downcast eye,
The bosom beating so tumultuously,
The lover's eyes with ardour on her's bent,
And looks with bliss and passion eloquent.

* * * * *

Within the shadow of that time serene,
Two glowing lovers by her eye were seen:
One's eyes are fixed upon the earth, for she
Trembles with mingled love and modesty;
And on her lip remains the rosy hue,
And on her vermeil lips sweet sparkling dew,
Such as might tempt a fairy elf to sip,
And drinking, die enraptured on her lip.

* * * * *

'Twas then from out the star-soft radiance glancing—
Radiance that loves to be on violets dancing—
In an aërial car of lucent rays,
Mild with all lustres of the milky ways,
That shone a tiny king on ear and throne!—
Who hath not heard of mighty Oberon?
Who hath not o'er the land enchanted gone
With Shakspeare, and believed the truth of all,
Which magic only into life could call!

* * * * *

The king of fairies saw the mortal pair,
And thought the maiden most surpassing fair;
He gazed upon her brow and bosom white,
And wish'd her hidden charms reveal'd to sight;
But the pure angel, who of all things pure,
None but the purest could in thought endure,
When she beheld how wily Oberon
With gloating eyes the maiden gazed upon,
Cast forth a veil between them which defied
The Fay-king's vision, until on he hied.

* * * * *

Unconscious of the danger, turn'd away
The happy lovers, winding slow their way;
The morning broke in beauty and in splendour,
When the sweet angel, with a look full tender,
Bless'd them, and mounted through the ether high,
Until she left behind the pure blue sky:
The lover's linger'd till the sun was bright,
And heaven, like their love, all rosy laugh'd with light.

THE SONG OF YORE.

BY JAMES WILSON.

Come sing again the Song of Yore,
Whose simple melody
So charm'd me when my heart was young,
And sorrow light and free:
For when I hear its artless tale,
And sweet and plaintive strain,
The peace and joy of early days
Uplift my soul again.

When years that teem'd with glitt'ring hopes,
Like flow'rs and leaves have fled;
And all our day-dreams—once so bright—
Are fraught with care instead;
No music soothes the weary heart,—
No song can reach its core,
Like that we heard in youthful years,—
The simple Song of Yore.

THE LOVES OF MR. TING CHANG AND MISS KEAOU LWAN.

(*From the Foreign Quarterly Review.*)

Concluded from No. 1031, page 224.

[HOWEVER widely the *customs* of the Chinamen may differ from those of Europeans, still is LOVE, in both halves of the hemisphere, identical and homogeneous. Laugh as we will, at the odd people of the Sinican peninsula, yet this is certain, that in their just regard of intersocial rights, and the levying of punishments on such as infringe them, they, on that score, thoroughly cast into the shade our own judicial code. This will be exemplified by the termination of our tale, in the bamboozing to death of the faithless Ting Chang.]

The following is the affecting scene of the last few hours the lovers were together:—

"That night Lwan set out wine in the fragrant apartment, and sent an invitation to Ting Chang. Then, she again went over all the circumstances of their previous oath, and again they fixed upon it as it were their wedding day. Aunt Tsaou also sat by their side; they conversed the live-long night, nor did balmy sleep once seal their eyes.

"When they were about to depart, Lwan asked the student to leave with her the place of his abode. Ting Chang inquired for what reason. 'Nothing,' said Lwan, 'merely in case of your not coming speedily, I may, perhaps, send a few lines to you.' The student caught up a pencil, and wrote the following sentence:—

"When I think of my relations a thousand miles off, I must return to Soochow—
My family dwell in Woo keang town, the seventeenth division—
You must ask for the mouth of the Shwang yang rivulet, in the South Ma—
And at the bottom of the Yenling bridge, stands the house of Ting Chang.

"Ting Chang further said, 'although to satisfy you, my love, I have written out these lines, yet there is little occasion for them, seeing the vehemence of my desire to return to you. While separated from you, days will seem years. The longest that I can possibly be away, is a year—the shortest, about half that time, when I will most certainly bring my father's card in my hand, and come myself to claim you as my bride. As I live, I will never permit my beauty of the harem to be a prey to anxiety and suspense. Having thus spoken, they embraced each other, and wept.

"There is on record, a stanza, in couplets, to the following effect:—

TING CHANG.

'Bound together by mutual sympathy, as fish to the water, so have we been evidently created for each other!

But, alas! when I think of my parents far away, I am compelled to tear myself from you.

KEAOU LWAN.

'In the flower-garden, henceforward, who will look with me at the bright moon?

In the fragrant apartment from this, I care not about playing at chess!"

The horse that was to bear the student from his bride, stood at the door, ready saddled and bridled; Mr. Wang got wine ready in the inner hall, and his wife, and the other ladies, assembled for the stirrup cup, or parting glass. Ting Chang again made his obeisance, and took his leave. Lwan found grief get the better of her, and burst into deluges of tears.

* * * * * * *

And now our readers must prepare themselves for the treacherous conduct of Mr. Ting Chang. He arrives at his father's house, and finds that he has made a matrimonial alliance for him, with a certain Miss Wei, of incomparable beauty, and with enormous wealth. Ting Chang is not proof against her golden charms, and forgetting Miss Wang, "after half-a-year, Miss Wei had crossed his threshold, man and wife took to each other kindly."

Poor Miss Lwan, not hearing from her false lover, pines in secret—"during the day she was wretched and lonely—before the pale lamp, her own shadow was her only companion." Upwards of a year passes away, when, one day, Ming-hea rushes in and tells her that a man is just come from the military station at Lingan, and that as he is about to return, she can send her husband a letter. Keaou Lwan writes a very long one without loss of time, and begging him to return to Nan Yang immediately, and to bring with him a marriage contract to complete their "matrimonial arrangement for life."

Miss Lwan languishes on seven months longer, without a syllable from her lover, and at the end of that period, sends a similar letter, committing it to the charge of a certain Mr. Chang, who was going that way. Mr. Chang is as good as his word. Ting Chang is very much confused at this unexpected letter, and invites Mr. Chang into a neighbouring tavern, "while he writes a hurried reply that his father is ill, and requires his presence, but he hopes, ere long, to see her." Mr. Chang returns to Nan Yang, and the young lady eagerly reads the contents, "and though it did not specify any time for her lover's return, yet it held out a *hope*, and served as painted cake does to appease one's hunger, or looking at plums to allay one's thirst."

Ting Chang is too far occupied with his own concerns to remember his former vows, and for the third time does the disconsolate Miss Lwan send him a letter and all without effect.

* * * * * * *

Our readers must now prepare themselves for the most tragical part of this history. Miss Lwan's feelings again place her on a bed of sickness. Her parents, together with aunt Tsaou, conceive that the best thing for her is to form another alliance. Gradually the truth unfolds itself to her heart, and she despairs of his return. As a last resource, by her aunt's advice, she writes him a series of stanzas, recalling to his memory their former loves. Many of the expressions are beautiful, but among them, some are ludicrous:—

"Since you went away, sir, I do nothing but knit my eyebrows;

I am grown careless about arranging my rouge and cosmetics, and my head is like a broom;

Bride and bridegroom in two different lands—Oh! painful is the thought.

* * * * * * *

And I now again send this letter by express, to show the carnation colour of my heart!*

Alas! for a blushing flower of thrice seven summers—

Silent and lonely is her fragrant apartment, and her painful thoughts insupportable.

To this, aunt Tsaou added also a few lines of expostulation. A messenger conveys the letter to Ting Chang, who is very much frightened, and, hastily entering his house, sends the following *verbal* message by his tiger.

"My master," says the boy, "has been married to the young lady of Mr. Wei, the Ting-che-foo magistrate, now about three years; the road to Nan yang is very far, and he can hardly be expected to go back there; and, as a letter is a difficult thing to write, he sends this verbal message. This scented gauze handkerchief in former days belonged to Miss Lwan, as well as this sheet of paper, which is a marriage contract, and he begs that you will return them to her, in order that she may think no more about him."

Miss Lwan, upon receiving the fatal message, passes three days and three nights in her chamber, bewailing the past. Our readers must sympathise with us in the melancholy fate of Miss Lwan from the original translation:—

"That very night Keaou Lwan washed her person with the utmost care, and, having changed her clothes, she desired Ming-hea to go and boil her some tea, using this deceit to get Ming-hea out of the room. No sooner was her maid gone than, having first fastened the door, she made use of a stool to support her feet, then, taking a white sash, she threw it over a beam, and tied it; next, having made fast the scented gauze napkin, the first cause of all her woes, round her throat, she joined it to the white sash in a dead knot, and, finally, kicking away the stool, her feet swung in mid air, and, in a moment, her spirit dissolved in ether, while her soul sought the habitations of the dead, at the early age of twenty-one years.

"Ming-hea, then, having boiled the tea, was bringing it to her mistress, when she found the door fast shut; she knocked for some time, but no one opening, she ran in a

* This means a *sincere* heart; they say that the heart of a bad man is black.—*Morrison.*

great fright to communicate the intelligence to aunt Tsaou. This lady, along with Mrs. Chow, speedily arrived, and the room door being forced open, words cannot describe the horror and dismay that seized them, when the sad spectacle within presented itself to their view! Old Mr. Wang was not long in hearing the dismal tale, and in an instant repaired to the spot. It were needless to relate the scene of sorrow that ensued; neither the old gentleman nor his lady knew for what reason their beloved daughter had committed so rash an act. But it was necessary to take some steps for the interment of the body; and a coffin being procured, what was once the lovely and accomplished Lwan was, amid the tears and lamentations of the whole household, consigned to the silent grave!"

Such is the melancholy end of poor Miss Lwan. Her faithless lover suffered the punishment of death by the executioner, and our concluding extract will give our readers some idea of the cruel punishment inflicted by the Chinese upon their criminals.

Miss Lwan's letter, it appears, was handed over to the imperial censor, Fan-che, who ordered Ting Chang to appear before him, and, his guilt being proven, the censor in a voice of wrath, thus addressed him:—

"'To treat with levity, or insult the daughter of a mandarin is one crime. Being already betrothed to one wife, marrying another is a second crime. Having had adulterous intercourse leading to the death of a party concerned, is a third crime. In your marriage contract it is written, if a man deceive the woman, may unnumbered arrows slay his body! I have now no arrows here to slay thee, but—' added he, raising his voice, 'thou shalt be beat to death with staves like a dog, so that thou mayest serve as a warning to all cold blooded villains in future.'

"With that he shouted with a loud voice, as a signal to the bailiffs and lictors who were in waiting: these, grasping their clubs of bamboo, rushed forward in a body, and simultaneously struck the wretched culprit, pieces of whose body flew about the hall in all directions, and in a moment a bloody and hideous mass marked the corpse of the betrayer of Lwan."

SAM SLICK AND THE QUAKER.

[*From the Clock Maker:* Third Series.]

When I fust went out in the clock line, up Huron way, I used to be subject to the cramp, violent fits of the cramp, and nothin' a'most gave me relief but holdin' up a roll of stick brimstone in my hand, and I used to place it every night under the pillar of my bed to have it handy. Well, one night, (and most sincerely cold it was too) I was a-bed along with Plato Frisk, a jumpin' quaker, a terrible, cross-grained, cantankersome crittur as ever I seed. He had a beard like a goat, it hung down to his waist a'most, and he had the power of raisin' it up with his chin, and whiskin' it as an ondocked crittur does its tail. A switch of it across your face was as bad as a blow from a bunch of stingin' nettles; it made it smart again like all wrath. It was a caution to look at. His nose was long, thin, and rounded, like the shape of a reapin'-hook, and his eyes as black and small as a weasel's; they looked like two burnt holes in a blanket, they was so deep. He actilly was an awful-lookin' crittur, as shaggy as a two-year old, and jist about as ontamed too. Well, I woke up in the night, half dead with the cramp, and screamin' like mad, and I jist out fin and felt for the brimstone, and I no sooner seized it than Frisk he roared like a bull too, and folks came runnin' and troopin' in from the other room, to see what on airth all the hubbub was about; and I hope I may die this blessed minit if I hadn't got him by the nose in mistake for the brimstone (a'most an endless one it was too) and was a-squeezin' away and a-hangin' on it like grim Death to a dead nigger. It made me larf so, when the lights come in, and I seed the ugly faces the goney made, that it cured the cramp, hang me if it didn't.

PROMETHEUS CRUCIFIED ON MOUNT ELBORUS.

BY W. ARCHER.

Canopied by the broad vault of the blue heavens and the open sky—not roofed or covered in like our play-houses of to-day—the great Theatron of the Greeks was, in comparison with the small scale of ours, colossal in magnitude. This immenseness of size served for a double purpose, partly that of containing the whole people, with the vast concourse of strangers who flocked to these grand religious festivals, and partly to correspond with the majesty of the drama represented in it, to which a respectful distance gave additional awe or beauty.

That the drama of the old Greeks was thus acted in open day, and beneath the bare heaven, is a state of things that to us may appear highly inconvenient; but the Greeks had nothing of effeminacy about them, and the fineness and unalterable serenity of their climate are not to be forgotten. Grant that a storm or shower might descend, the play was, of course, interrupted; but your devout ancient would much rather subject himself to a wetting, than, by shutting himself up in a close and crowded house, entirely destroy the serenity of a religious solemnity, which their plays undoubtedly were. To have covered in the scene itself, and imprisoned gods and heroes in dark and gloomy apartments, imperfectly lighted up, would to them have appeared still more foolish. No lustres of wax lights, cressets of gas, or branching chandeliers, illus-

trated the scenery of their drama—but the Sun himself held forth his Lamp of Gorgeousness, lighting up their sceneries with blaze and splendour—or the dark pomp of the storm-clouds in heaven poured deeper horror on mysterious scenes below. Thus it was that an action which so nobly served to establish the heathen's belief of his relation with heaven, could only be exhibited under an unobstructed sky, and under the very eyes of the gods, as it were, for whom, according to Seneca, the sight of a brave man struggling with adversity is an attractive spectacle.

Of all the dramas of the ancient masters, none was more capable, coupled with these circumstances, of being enacted with grander effect than the drama of Prometheus—undeniably the sublimest of the old tragedies. Rather, perhaps, a mighty ode than a tragedy; it does not describe a series of actions, but a series of visions. Prometheus, chained to a rock on the verge of the world, holds parley with the original powers and oldest forms of Nature. Among these dark powers—Tartarus and the Titans—the author revels with huge delight. He endeavours to swell out his language to a gigantic sublimity, corresponding with the standard of his sufferer's character. Here the Cothurnus of Æschylus has, as it were, an iron weight, and the gigantic figure of his great victim stands terrific before our eyes. We are thrown back with him into the first chaos of nature, where the universe itself seems to rock like the sea, and the empire of heaven was not yet fixed.

Grandly the drama opens. On the broad wastes of the uninhabited wilderness, Strength and almighty Compulsion are discovered, and beside them the Cyclopean form of Vulcan, cumbered with his hammer and rattling chains, forged amid the thunders of Etna, while Prometheus, "the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,"—the voluntary sacrifice for mankind, stands by the rock of Elborus in the centre. The tremendous solitude of the principal person—the supernatural beings with whom he alone holds communion—the guilt—the firmness—the misery—to all these the grandeur of the poetic imagery gives a striking effect. They are thus grouped when the ponderous silence is broken by Compulsion and Might,—the sternest myrmidons of Jupiter, the Tyrant-King. Abjuring blank verse, we translate after our own fashion:—

χθονος μὲν εἰς τηλουρὸν ἥκομεν πέδον, &c.
v. 1—11.

We are come to the uttermost bounds of Earth,
To the Scythian wilderness, never yet trod,
And now it behoves thee, O Vulcan, to do
The Father's high will on this recusant God;—
Him to bind to these ruggedly-towering rocks,
With unbreakable, interlinked, adamant locks.

For he stole, and then unto mortality gave
Thy crowning perfection—the infinite splendour
Of Fire, that glorifies Art—for which Wrong
Fit atonement he must to the angry Gods render;
That the Thunderer better may by him be known,
And he leave his man-loving humours alone.

Vulcan, a kindred god to Prometheus, yet commanded by Jupiter, spite of his propinquity, to be the fetterer of his relative, cries out complainingly on his doom, and curses his handicraft. This is his answer to the challenge of Compulsion and Might.

Ah! ye, sternest Powers, have strictly and well
Fulfilled your commands upon Jove's hard account;
But I fail me the courage to fasten perforce
A Fellow-God down to this storm-riven mount:—
Yet that which I dare not, stern Fate makes me dare,
For to disobey Jupiter, awful it were.

Turning from these iron-hearted ministers, he now addresses himself in a "roll of periods," to Prometheus, "victim of immortal hate." Welcker has hazarded an opinion, which Hermann thinks is extremely probable, that, instead of requiring a living actor to remain pinned to the rock, in so uneasy a position during the whole representation of the play, Æschylus had recourse to an image of Prometheus, which Vulcan fettered hand and foot, and fastened down by a wedge through its breast. But this is very doubtful, for Æschylus was himself not only the inventor of scenic pomp, and an instructor of the choruses in singing and dancing, but appeared himself in the character of a player—nay, might even have himself personified this mighty being of his imagination. But to "the wise, the good, the mild" Prometheus, list we what right-hearted Vulcan speaks:—

Τῆς ὀρθοβούλου Θέμιδος αἰτύμητα καὶ ἄκοντά σ' ἄκων, &c. &c.
v. 18—35.

O high-minded son of just Themis the Wise!
Nor by mine, or by thy will—must I with these chains
Bolt thee ruthlessly down to this desolate crag
Where no human shape comes, and no human sound gains,
But where the clear flame of the sun-blaze* shall pour,
"Burning for beauty" † thy countenance o'er.
O the star-spangled night shall to thee only bring
Keener longings for day—and when day shall begin
Thou wilt wish it were done, as it melts from thy limbs
Frore dews of the morn—all this springs from thy sin
Of loving poor manhood. Nor wav'ring, nor brief,
But shall be ever-present and dreadful, thy grief,
For HE is not born who shall give thee relief.
Thou God who didst brave the broad wrath of the Gods,
Broked'st all laws divine, feeble man to befriend,
For the which thou shalt guard this unamiable rock,
Thine eye never close, and thy knee never bend,
But crucified there, utter bootless thy moans—
For Jove is not bent by the prayerfullest groans,
And harsh are all Kings upon newly-made Thrones!

The incomparable beauty of some of the ideas in this ode, as they stand in the vernacular, entirely lose their power by translation. But the most noticeable, at the commencement of our second verse, has not only found

* In the last number of the Quarterly Review, where notice is taken of Miss Barrett's translation of this play, the reviewer flatly calls her reading for "*σταθευτος*," *a mistake*. It is no such thing. Miss Barrett has followed the reading of Aldus—"*στατευτος*." The former, however, is decidedly the most preferable.

† An expression of Isaiah's.

imitation by some of our best poets, but is sublimely expressed in Holy Writ. The terrible threat which this passage contains, brings to mind that most thrilling of all the curses denounced against the disobedience of the Israelites:—"In the morning thou shalt say, 'Would God it were even!' and at even thou shalt say, 'Would God it were morning.'"* Not that the poetry of the two passages will bear comparison. The additional images which Æschylus has introduced greatly impair the thought, which the sacred writer has expressed in the severest simplicity. And Lord Byron in Manfred is inferior to either:—

> And to thee shall night deny,
> All the quiet of her sky;
> And the day shall have a sun
> Which shall make thee wish it done.

To the concluding remarks of Vulcan, Compulsion gives in his "Εα," "Amen," and, after a short prevarication, peremptorily bids Vulcan take up the adamantine manacles, and buckle to his work. Now begins the fearful crucifixion.

"Taking them," (the iron chains,) says Compulsion, "clench them by might and main around his wrists—bolt him to the rock."

Lucian, who has paraphrased this scene, T. 1, p. 186, makes the position which Prometheus's hands are made to assume, like those of our Saviour on the cross; whereon Bishop Blomfield remarks, "Prometheus, ut videtur, in rupis fissura crucifixus est, distentis manibus pedibusque ex hac in illam partem." So both the arms are fastened.

The next command is superhumanly terrific, and makes our nature shudder as we read:—

ἀδαμαντίνου νῦν σφηνὸς ἀνθάδη γνάθον
στέρνων διαμπαξ πασσάλευ' ἐρρωμένως·
v. 65—66.

"Now resolutely drive the tenacious prong of the iron staple *right through* his breast."

And again, the dreadful piercing of the feet in the same manner, is thus cogently expressed:—

ἐρρωμένως νῦν θοῦνε διατόρους πέδας·
v. 76.

"Now firmly drive the gyve-bolts *through* his feet."

No one can think that the poet meant, in these passages, that the fetters of Prometheus were so *pierced* as to encircle his leg like any common shackles of ordinary workmanship, as some childishly suppose; no, they did themselves *pierce* the limbs which they confined; both the wedge and the nails pierced his feet and perforated his breast.

> The tongueless caverns of the craggy hills
> Cried "Misery" then; the hollow heaven replied,
> "Misery!" and the ocean's purple waves,
> Climbing the land, howled to the lashing winds,
> And the pale nations heard it, "Misery!"

Who sees not here a dim adumbration of HIM whose hands and feet were pierced for our sakes, and whose side was wounded with the spear! Say what they will of this great fable (!) of early times, yet are all truths and all fables but multiplied reflections, visible in different distances, and under different positions of one archetypal truth. If we owe gratitude to HIM, who created and unveiled Truth's form, should we refuse to gaze upon these reflections. Because they rest upon heathen scrolls, should we turn away from those scrolls? No, the testimony of heathenism forms only a stronger corroboration of what is divine.

Rightly spoke Schlegel, who perceived in this drama, with no filmy eye, the shadowing forth of the great sacrifice in our Testament. "The Chained Prometheus," says he, "is the representation of constancy under suffering, and that, the never ending suffering of a god. Though he is exiled to a naked rock, on the shore of the encircling ocean, this drama still embraces the world—the Olympus of the gods, and the Earth of mortals—all scarcely yet reposing in a secure state above the dread abyss of the dark Titanian powers. This idea of a self-devoting divinity has been mysteriously inculcated in many religions, as a confused foreboding of the true; here, however, it appears in a most alarming contrast with the consolations of revelation. For Prometheus does not suffer in an understanding with the powers by whom the world is governed, but he atones for his disobedience, and that obedience consists in nothing but the attempt to give perfection to the human race."

How dreadful must have been the sight of the Crucified Prometheus, Vulcan attests by his terse exclamation.

—— θέαμα δυσθέατον ὀμμασιν.
v. 69.

> "O sight
> Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!"—*Milton.*

But the true forcibleness of this picture, as wrought up by the powerful mind of Shelley, appears before us according to his description, in all its gathering of awfulness and terror:—

> *Ione.* Hark, sister! what a low, yet dreadful groan,
> Quite unsuppressed is tearing up the heart
> Of the good Titan, as storms tear the deep:
> Darest thou observe how the fiends torture him?
> *Panthea.* Alas! I look'd forth twice, but will no more.
> *Ione.* What didst thou see?
> *Pan.* A woful sight: a youth
> With patient looks, nailed to a crucifix.
> *Fury.* Behold an emblem: those who do endure
> Deep wrongs for man, and scorn and chains, but heap
> Thousandfold torment on themselves and him.
> *Prom.* Remit the anguish of that lighted stare;
> Close those wan lips; let that thorn-wounded brow
> Stream not with blood; it mingles with thy tears!
> Fix, fix those tortured orbs in peace and death.
> So thy sick throes shake not that crucifix.
> So those pale fingers play not with thy gore.
> O horrible!

As a proper drama or unfinished poem, the "Prometheus Vinctus" might be thought by some to be far too indistinct and unsatisfactory. But this was the design of the author; he contemplated but a dim and magnificent

* Deut. xxviii., 67.

sketch of a subject which did not admit of more accurate drawing, or more brilliant coloring. Its obscurity is a part of its grandeur, and the darkness that rests upon it, and the smoky distance in which it is lost, are all devices to increase its majesty, to stimulate our curiosity, and to impress us with deeper awe.

The obstinate determination of Prometheus has thus far submitted in silence to all his torments! from the moment of the first dawning of his character upon our minds, the effect of his silence is electrifying. He is silent, he disdains as much to answer the impotent and selfish compassion of Vulcan, as to murmur beneath the brutal cruelty of Strength; his proud spirit could not deign to ask for mercy, and he would not gratify the malice of his torturers by the utterance of a single sound which might give evidence of his agony. It was not thus that *he* pitied in the days of his joy; it was not thus that *he* acted in the days of his power; and his spirit is above them, and recks not of them. But they are now gone; and now, when their pity and their scoffs pollute his ears no more, his feelings first find vent, and he bursts out into a passionate appeal to all the elements of nature, in the hope of gaining some consolation for his wrongs from the mere act of telling them; he pours out his impassioned sorrows to the air, and winds, and waters, and earth, and sun, whom he had never visited with benefits, and "taxed not with unkindness." And when at the very last we see him, daring and unflinching beneath the torturing and dishonouring hand, yet keenly alive to the torture and dishonor—for himself fearless and rash, yet for others considerate and wary; himself unpitied, yet to others pitiful—he calls no longer upon the sun, and earth, and waters, from which the avenger is secluding him; but demands of Æther, who is rolling light to all eyes excepting his, whether he beholds how he suffers by injustice:—our hearts rise up within us, and bear witness that his suffering is, indeed, unjust.

MR. CHIMPANZEE;

OR,

THE SAPIENT TRAVELLER.

[THERE are more Chimpanzees in the world than people wot of, albeit they are cried up as such rarities. Solemn, blinking fools, these, are the "monkies" who, like him of the fable, profess to "have seen the world," but on whose dull unconscious eyes, the "visible and fair form of things" has made as much impression, as would it on the staring optics of a stone idol.

Mr. Chimpanzee is a sample of many of those travellers or tourists, who crawl about the lovely earth, but to whose gross and unintelligent minds, Art's, or Nature's beauties are a dead letter. To their matter-of-fact comprehensions, a ruin *is* a ruin, and nothing more. Palmyra, with its unimaginable graces and splendours—Babelon, with its ponderous pomp and glory—Greece, with her sweet and heavenly-dreamed sculptures—are nothing beyond blocks of stone, or mounds of rubbish.

Happy that man who, with no dense or osseous brain, is endowed with the capability of rising to a perception of the comely and beautiful forms of earth when he meets them. Keep us, kind heaven, from that "gross flesh," or "stony heart," which shuts out the perfections of this blessed world, from the understanding of the eye and the heart.

This *jeu d'esprit* is from Bentley's :—]

Like all those who possess no brains, Chimpanzee required the stimulus of action to supply the want of thought. He knew nothing of geography—the only *globes* he had ever studied being those pretty prismatic ones blown through a tobacco-pipe, or billiard-tables, and bowls. With his "upper story" stored with nothing, he went forth to see the world.

But how many go to *sea*, and see nothing. Chimpanzee was the very man to travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say, "'Tis all barren." There appeared to be neither speculum nor speculation in his dull optics, and to his matter-of-fact mind, a ruin *was* a ruin, and nothing more.

The Bey of Tripoli, or the Bay of Naples, were both alike in sound and significance to him, until having seen both, he declared they were both "deep uns," and that it was as dangerous to try your *craft* upon one as the other.

When told that he would find *rein-deer* in Lapland, where snow and ice abound, he replied with the utmost importance, as if pronouncing a logical deduction, "Of course, where water freezes it is always scarce, and that accounts for the rain being dear. Any fool could see that, with half an eye!"

Having somewhere read or heard that there were "tongues in the running brooks," he was grievously disappointed when he saw the *mouth* of the Nile, and found—no *tongue* in it!

Visiting Naples, of course he climbed Vesuvius, and looking into the crater declared he saw nothing in it. As he descended, the "dew was on the spray,' and he observed that he had often heard talk of "mountain-dew," and that his Irish servant had informed him, that it was a "drop of the *crater*," of the truth of which he appeared now quite convinced.

In Canton he found the tea very strong, while in Scotland he discovered that *their* "*Tay*" was all water.

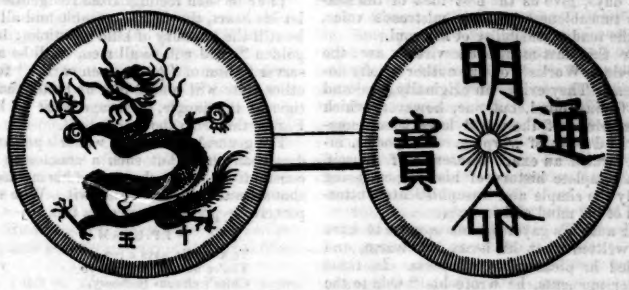
One observation he did make, which really had some degree of sense in it,—he said that he thought it would be a vast improvement, in an agricultural point of view, if they could pull the Boot of Italy on the Calf of Man! And uttered a truism, which was incontro-

vertible, namely, that when speaking of the beauties of the East, he asserted that Arabia "bore the *palm*."

He laughed at the idea of the world being round as a gross absurdity, and assured everybody that he had been in all parts, and found it flat—very flat! He had sailed on the White, the Red, and the Black Sea, only to discover the accuracy of his school-grammar in stating, "the sea is green,' and the errors of the Hydrographers, who had really no *colourable* pretext for calling them names which they do not deserve.

PROFANENESS OF THE ARTS AT ROME.

WHATEVER may have been the faults and errors of the earlier Italian artists, they, in their productions, never sinned against propriety—never displayed a figure which offended against decency—never wantoned in a group which could excite a loose idea—never pandered to the grosser passions of mankind. With the Greeks, how otherwise! The grave archæologist may allegorize, the virtuoso may burst out into ecstatic rapture; but there is no flinching from the fact, that the antique collections, the treasures which fill the Gallery, or the Museum, the Vatican, or the Louvre, which the aged are directed to venerate, the young to study for instruction, are pervaded by the most debasing sensuality, breathing in the marble and the bronze, and the more subtle and dangerous from the elegance and refinement which it assumes. It may not be agreeable to know the truth, but all that Winkelman and Visconti teach us to admire at Rome, was denounced by the Apostle as the corruption of the divine glory. It may be said that no one believes in Leda's swan, or in Danaë's shower; but the swelling outline, and the forms rising from the glowing canvas, become a part of the mind into which they have been received.



CHINESE SILVER MONEY.

WE are indebted to the Cabinet of Mr. John Wright, 24, Oxford Street, for the loan of this rare and interesting piece. The obverse has the five-clawed dragon, the Imperial insignia of China; and the two characters across the centre on the reverse, Nager, in his Essai de Numismatique Chinoise, Paris, 1805, p. 31, notices as *pao toung*, serving to express, that it is public money. The edge, in imitation of the European milling, appears to have been achieved by patient labour and a file.

The money of China does not consist, in any degree, of gold, which is used only for purposes of ornament. Silver is the standard medium of exchange; the generality, however, of it is not coined, but issued in pieces, which are weighed very dexterously in small scales kept for the purpose. If a piece be too large for the payment intended, a portion is cut off. Accounts are kept in ounces of silver, called by the Chinese, *leang*, but by Europeans, after the example of the Portuguese, tahels, or taels. These may average about 6*s.* 8*d.* of our money. The general coin is one of very small value, formed of a composition, having six parts of copper and four of lead. It is of a round shape, and the pieces are strung upon a cord, with a knot distinguishing every hundred. Du Halde reckons six hundred to a tael; but according to Mr. M'Culloch, there are, at least, seven hundred and fifty, which would make each about the tenth part of a penny sterling. The impression, which is only on one side, consists in pompous titles of the reigning emperor. There is a tradition, that coins of gold, silver, and even earth, were formerly used; but all these are now superseded. The Emperor Hong-vou attempted to issue a paper currency, each note of which passed for a tael. It was stamped with the imperial seal, and bore an inscription, that he who should counterfeit it, would be beheaded. Being revived by the descendants of Zinghis, it was found current by Marco Polo at the time of his visit, but is now entirely disused; specimens of it being only sought for as curiosities, or to be used superstitiously as amulets.

New Books.

The Poetical Works of Richard Hatt.
[Effingham Wilson.]

[The Parnassian Muse who, in the time of Shakspeare and of Milton, walked abroad the earth in a flaming robe of verse, hath since that age, hid herself like a close recluse, unseen, even at intervals, by any. She, sweet Syrinx of Song,—thrilling our hearts no longer with immortal sweetnesses of melody —then left the silence of plain and country to resound to whatsoever tuneful clerks chose to dedicate themselves to her; and these, being many, and no inattentive disciples, though they attain not to nobleness or virility of song, yet profiting in some measure by the lessons of so divine a mistress, they have, in many cases, given birth to strains of poetry, genuinely sweet, graceful, and Arcadian. Of these disciples, Bloomfield and Burns have worn her vesture with all becoming dignity, and the sweetness of their pipings, in these later days, give us the best idea of the heavenly tuneableness of their mistress's voice, and the tender sensibility of her soul.

For this last-mentioned virtue, are the "Poetical Works" of our author chiefly noticeable. They evince an originally good and very feeling mind, but one, however, which the severities of the world have been somewhat in danger of warping. His poems, indeed, furnish an exact transcript of himself, and a complete history of his temper, being wholly the simple and unsophisticated utterances of his mind and feelings.

Our author's gayer poems appear to have been written when his heart was warm, and revelled in pleasurable prospects. In these happier moments, he wrote his "Ode to the Rose,"—"To Strains of Music," and carolled about "May-Queens." But a change came o'er the spirit of his dream, and the domesticities of wedded life seem to have shed a soberer tone over his views. At such a time he doubtless wrote his sonnet on "Rubens' beautiful Picture of his Wife,"—an ode which speaks in language high of the incarnation of woman, who—after the grand outline of Creation had shone out of Chaos, appeared, the last and the divinest work. Then was his happiness such, that "Sing on thou warbling bird," forms an ode charmingly in unison with his tranquil continuity of mind.

But happiness does not laugh on for ever, and this our poet seems to have found. Many are the odes over the sunniness of whose aspect, the shadow of a dark hand hovers. Affliction and trouble appear to have gat hold on him, and though he still sings, yet is it with mourning and lament;—"Hang your harps o'er the waters to weep." As his friends die off, he pays them the tribute of elegiac strains, while his eye begins frequently to teem with tears, and his voice to cry out on the harsh world.

Religion now seems to afford him much comfort—"I know that my Redeemer liveth," is an ode that bespeaks comfortable resignation; he bids others, like himself, p. 28,—]

bright Creation's works adore,
And with sincere devotion due,
In secret and where silence reigns,
There offer prayer (while Heaven's in view,)
To the Great Shepherd of these plains.

[He addresses "Sweet Pity with her looks of light," and all tender influences are as anodynes to his soul:—]

O breathe again that tender strain,
Its soothing influence throw;
To ease a heart o'erpressed with pain,
A heart o'erfraught with woe.
For there is such a gentle charm,
So much of feeling given,
That whisp'ring angels taste the balm—
A balm that breathes of Heaven!

[One of his mottoes, however, shows the liability to which the best of men are subject, who, when trouble falls upon them, become misanthropical—haters of their race.]

Man and the world I so much hate,
I care not how or when I quit the scene.

[Far be such feelings from the gentle poet; let his heart, through all trouble and all teen, be still the treasury of kind affections: let the golden "good-will to all men," still be a preserver to him of "peace upon earth;" for the other state will render him no better than the tiger of the jungle, or savage beast of blood. Far be this from the gentle poet.

The general tone of our writer's poems predicate anything but such a conclusion; for constantly is the sombreness of his melancholy shot athwart by scintillating wit. Who would perceive hypochondriacism in this,—]

EPIGRAM.

To a needle, says a pin,
You're bless'd with an eye
Chloe's charms to descry,
And press'd by her fingers you fly.
To the pin, says the needle,
'Tis true that I'm bless'd with an eye,
Chloe's charms to descry,
And press'd by her fingers I fly.
But happier you
With a head on her bosom to lie.

[Glad are we, therefore, that the melancholy of our author is so capable of relief: he who has so much merry wit in his composition, is no subject for despair. May he find that which he longs for—rest and tranquility in some bosom of peace, and comfort in the religion of his soul. Hope, if he seek her not on earth, yet, as he himself sings, he shall realize it—]

in heaven, for there
On the wings of the ark-dove she mounteth the air.

In conclusion, however, acknowledged it must be, that though much good and true-toned writing is put forth in this age, yet is it meant rather to administer to the fashion of the passing day, than to gain the immortal palm-branch. May some poetic Joshua arise, the superhuman tones of whose silver trumpet shall break down the walls of this heathenish practice, soaring into grander song.

Public Journals.

POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL. Nov. 1840.

[HOGARTH'S "Memoir of Gluck" is an interesting biographical chapter.

Until awakened by the master's hand, how long may "the soul of music slumber in the shell." Till within this last season or two, Gluck's music lay amid the lumber of the old world. A "German Company," however, having introduced his "Iphigenia in Tauris" to English audiences last year, our *dilettanti* were surprised at hearing strains which they recognised not—harmonies sweet as the deep songs of heaven—choruses classic and exalted as the Greek. They learned it, on inquiry, to be the music of Gluck, and now no concert or harmonic meeting but re-echoes with his splendid compositions.]

CHRISTOPHER GLUCK

Was a native of Bohemia, born either in 1714 or 1715. Belonging to the most musical country in the world, he picked up that practical knowledge of music, possessed by almost everybody in Bohemia. While yet very young, he left his home and reached Vienna, subsisting by his skill in music. Whatever money he continued to gain, beyond what was necessary for his support, was expended on his education and the purchase of books, and, self-taught as he was, he acquired that general knowledge, and those habits of philosophical thought, which disposed his spirit to classic subjects in the school of dramatic music.

Soon after his arrival at Vienna, Gluck attracted the notice of an Austrian nobleman, who, struck by his musical talents, employed him. He afterwards travelled to Italy, where he obtained the instructions of the great Martini.

His Visit to England.—After four years study under this celebrated master, Gluck composed his first opera, "Artaserse," performed at Milan in 1741. His name now became famous in Italy; he composed for the theatres of Venice, Turin, &c., and was invited to compose for the London Opera-house, then under the direction of Lord Middlesex. He came to England in 1745, but, owing to political affairs, the Opera-house was then closed by order of the Lord Chamberlain, and Gluck had only the opportunity of producing "Le Caduta dei Giganti," an ephemeral composition.

Metastasio's Opinion of him.—Returning to Germany, we find no account of any works written by him, till 1754. From this period, he was engaged in writing several operas, all of which, though successful, are not now extant. The language used respecting him by Metastasio, is very remarkable: "Gluck," says he, in one of his letters, "has surprising fire, but he is mad. He composed an opera for Venice, which was very unfortunate. I am not a man to pretend to judge him."

Orfeo, his first Opera.—Gluck's immortal "Orfeo" was first performed at Vienna in 1764, and, though the audience, accustomed to the florid and ornate style of the Italian opera, were at first startled by a style so entirely new, yet on every successive representation, it was found to be more interesting and beautiful, till every dissentient voice was drowned amid general applause. It was shortly performed with the most brilliant success at all the principal theatres of Italy. Bologna, in particular, it is said, was enriched, during a single season, by the receipt of above fifty thousand pounds sterling, in consequence of the influx of strangers during the performance of "Orfeo."

Alceste, his second Opera.—"Alceste" was first produced in 1768, and for two years no other opera was performed at the court theatre of Vienna. Its publication, with an admirable dedication to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, took place in 1769.

Paride ed Elena, his third Opera.—The third opera, "Paride ed Elena," was less successful than the two previous pieces. It was published with a dedication to the Duke of Parma.

Dr. Burney's Visit to Gluck.—In 1772, Dr. Burney visited Vienna, at which capital Gluck was then residing, and with whom he had a good deal of personal intercourse, of which he gives a minute and pleasing account. He thus describes his first visit. The composer, then about sixty, was by no means easy of access, but Burney obtained an introduction through the Countess Thun, a lady as much distinguished for her accomplishments as her rank.

"The countess," says Burney, "had been so kind as to write a note to Gluck on my account, and he had returned, for *him*, a very civil answer; for he is as formidable a character as Handel used to be—a very dragon, of whom all are in fear.

"However, he had agreed to be visited in the afternoon; and Lord Stormont and the Countess Thun had extended their condescension so far as to promise to carry me to him.

"He is very well housed here, has a pretty garden, and a great number of neat and elegantly furnished rooms. He has no children. Madame Gluck and his niece, who lives with him, came to receive us at the door, as well as the veteran composer himself. He is much pitted with the small pox, and very coarse in figure and look, but was soon got into good humour, and he talked, sang, and played, Madame Thun observed, more than she ever knew him do at any one time.

"He began, upon a very bad harpsichord, by accompanying his niece, who is but thirteen years old, in two of the capital scenes of his own famous opera of "Alceste." When she had done, he was prevailed upon to sing himself; and, with as little voice as possible, he continued to entertain and even delight the company in a very high degree; for, with the richness of accompaniment, the energy and vehemence of his manner in the allegros, and

his judicious expression in the slow movements, he so well compensated for the want of voice, that it was a defect which was soon entirely forgotten.

"He was also so good as to perform himself almost all his opera of "Alceste;" many admirable things in a still later opera of his, called "Paride ed Elena," and in a French opera, from Racine's "Iphigenie," which he had just composed. This last, though he had not as yet committed a note of it to paper, was so well digested in his head, and his retention is so wonderful, that he sang it nearly from the beginning to the end with as much readiness as if he had had a fair score before him."

Iphigenia in Aulis.—This opera mentioned by Burney, was the first of his pieces written for the French stage, and the production of which, at Paris, was the commencement, at the age of sixty, of a new career, more active, more brilliant, and more glorious, than any part of his previous life. It had been composed at Vienna in 1772, and was performed for the first time on the 19th of April, 1774, at Paris, when its success was complete.

His Music in France.—In 1776, the French version of "Alceste" was first performed at Paris, with the same success which had attended the original production of the Italian piece at Vienna. It was, however, severely criticised, especially by the partisans of the Italian school. It was objected that the strain was too sombre and monotonous, and that there was a want of glowing and graceful melody.

At one of the representations, the celebrated Abbé Arnaud exclaimed that the musician had revived the true expression of the grief of antiquity. "It may be so," drily answered the Neapolitan ambassador, who sat in the same box, "but, for my part, I cannot help preferring modern pleasure to ancient grief."

It is said that a critic complained to Gluck of the monotony of the air "Caron t'appelle," the *motivo* of which consists of only a single note. Gluck's answer is characteristic of his constant attention to his dramatic principles: "My friend," he said, "the reason of my doing this is, that in hell the passions are extinguished, and the voice loses its inflections."

Iphigenia in Tauris.—Of the depth and refinement of his ideas on the subject of dramatic truth, several striking instances have been related. In the "Iphigenia in Tauris," there is a remarkable scene, the effect of which our readers, who have witnessed the representation of that opera, cannot have forgotten.

When Orestes, exhausted by the force of contending passions, sinks into a seemingly tranquil slumber, murmuring, "Calm returns to my heart," his soft accents are intermingled with broken and agitated sounds from the orchestra. Some one pointed out to Gluck this apparent incongruity; but the composer's answer was, "Do you not perceive that Orestes lies? His calm is but the exhaustion of despair. How can he sleep in peace, when he has killed his mother!"

His Armide and Narcisse.—Gluck produced also his "Armide," and "Narcisse;" the first was brilliantly successful, and is ranked among the greatest of his works, but "Narcisse failed, and is forgotten. It was the last work of Gluck, who soon afterwards left France. The notion that Gluck's music is deficient in melody is now universally exploded—it breathes the very soul of melody.

Gluck returned to Vienna in 1779. On his departure from France, a fine statue was erected to his memory by public subscription, and placed in the saloon of the opera. Two years afterwards he had a paralytic stroke, under which he lingered till his death, on the 15th November, 1787, at the age of seventy-five. He left an ample fortune, the well-earned fruits of his genius and industry.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE. No. CXXXI.
November, 1840.

[The Cosways appear to have been a beautiful family; but the eccentricities of the father, who, at threescore, assumed the sable vesture of a wizard, and converted his house into an Endor-cave, pretending his ability to raise up "the dead of the earth," was a power too terrible to be trifled with by an impostor.

Blake the painter did the same; but there was a sublimity in the conceptions of this monomaniast which Cosway never knew. Blake had, from his boyhood, conversed with the great and shadowy forms of our Bible and the older poets: the sentiments and figures of the "Book of Job" were woven in the whole tissue of his thoughts, and the great spirit that arose before the Temanite, and that made "the hair of his flesh stand up," Blake had often beheld in his waking dreams, when his mind, big with the subject, was on the point of pourtraying his design.

But attention to Cosway's history:—]

RICHARD COSWAY

Was, during his youth, a student in the statue gallery gratuitously built, and supplied with a collection of very fine casts, or *jesses*, from Italy, procured at a considerable expense, on the return to England of the late Duke of Richmond, and deposited in his Grace's mansion at Whitehall, which was burnt nearly fifty years ago, and the premises entirely destroyed.

Cosway evinced high talent whilst studying in this academy, as he obtained several prizes for his works, and came early before the world as an artist of the first promise in his walk; his miniatures being universally admired for their singular beauty and masterly execution.

He married a lady who, in the zenith of her charms, was very generally admired, and was peculiarly noticed by the prince, then consi-

dered to be the most elegant in person and manners of any man of fashion—so much so, indeed, as to excite the animadversions of the town; and every one appeared to be surprised at the tales that were whispered at the expense of the lady, excepting him whom the tales most concerned.

Mrs. Cosway was an artist, too, and in style the very counterpart of her husband. They painted each other's portraits, and embellished them with such strange attributes and fopperies, that the other artists delighted to ridicule them. But the shafts of satire, and the sarcasms which they begot, appeared to be received as a species of compliment by the vain objects attacked.

A person in high life, about forty-five years ago, wrote a novel, in which Dicky Cosway was made the mock hero. This, perhaps, was the only attack that was ever felt; for the laughter and contempt at the principal personage was so flagrant, so undisguised, that Cosway paid largely, as was said, to suppress the work, and it was only known to a small circle.*

They had a daughter, this Mr. and Mrs. Cosway, a beautiful girl, and she was considered to be, whilst under eight years of age, a prodigy of talent; and the most intimate friends of the miniature-painter always fancied that Miss favoured the likeness of the heir-apparent.

The child was a great linguist, and at six years of age, knew the Hebrew tongue as well as any Jewish Rabbi—at least so said the father. Like the fate of most extraordinarily precocious infants, being judged too clever for this world, she was called to the world of spirits; and her father, assisted by the friendly offices of a select few visionary friends, canonized the beautiful wonder!

The eccentric father, after the death of miss, fancied, or pretended to believe, himself a saint; and, as the Corsican said, "it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," the painter studied the legends of ages long past and gone, took up the obsolete trade of a prophet, and endeavoured to make even grave men believe that he could bring up spirits from the vasty deep!

His old friend and crony academician, the cynic Northcote, being advised of this, one morning paid him a visit, and entreated him to bring before him his honoured preceptor Sir Joshua Reynolds. Cosway backed out of the dilemma, and said, "I would gratify your wishes, but the act would be too sinful."

He was a great collector of paintings by the celebrated old masters; and every apartment of the parlour, drawing-room, and second floor, was crowded with Raffaelles, Titians, Rembrandts, and Teniersee; and these, as the Duke of —— asserted, were convenient furniture for a first-rate house of assignation.

One of the highest in the prince-regent's household was the bearer of a message from his royal highness to Cosway, inviting him to a social dinner; and was commanded to say that he desired his company for the pleasure of a "friendly chat on old times." The painter had then (for he was far advanced in age,) suffered his beard, which was entirely white, to grow to a patriarchal length. He was attired in a black brocade robe; wore a clerical cap, of the age of James I.; and had, upon a spacious desk before him, a ponderous black letter folio; and, as the visitor said, "looked *toute crache* the figure of old Sydrophel, in Butler's *Hudibras*."

For some time Cosway continued seriously engaged in reading, when he was asked, "what answer he should return to the royal invitation?"

To which was replied, "Present my duty to his royal highness, and tell him, I have long done with these vanities; and charity compels me to admonish him it were well to think the time for such follies were past. Tell his royal highness, I have no leisure for such visits, and that I am better employed."

As Northcote afterwards observed, "It were difficult to determine whether Cosway was the greater knave or fool." He died, what he had been all along, a charlatan and an impostor; and his comely wife became a lady-abbess!

* The only copy the writer of the above article ever saw, was one belonging to the late Lord Torrington.

EAGLES.

The prince of birds is now rarely seen in the Highlands, for the march of improvement is driving them, like the Red Indians of America, to the very remotest mountain solitudes.

A pair have long built (above fifty years, it is said,) near the entrance of the Pass of Inverfarigaig, on the banks of Loch Ness; and eagles are still seen in the western parts of Inverness-shire.

In Sutherland, we heard of one (a majestic looking bird) that had been caught in a large trap, which it had strength to carry to a considerable distance, till both fell into a lake.

Mr. James Richmond, gamekeeper to Mr. Gladstone, of Liverpool, has, a correspondent informs us, from September, 1839, to June of this year, trapped six eagles on a high hill, on the farm of Auchnasheen, in Ross-shire. One of the eagles measured, from tip to tip of the wing, eight feet two inches, and the span of his claws were six and a half inches.

This noble bird displayed "the terrors of his beak, and lightning of his eye," from the top of a cairn or monument erected by the gentlemen pursuing the trigonometrical survey.

The same gamekeeper has also taken a number of wild cats: one measuring in length three feet ten inches, and another three feet eight inches.—*Inverness Courier.*

Topographical Gleanings.

New Church at Knightsbridge.—The foundation of a new church, to be called St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, situated in Wilton-place, Belgrave-square, was laid by George Drummond, Esq., on Wednesday, the 4th inst.

Camberwell Fair.—This once celebrated place of recreation is to be discontinued.

Antiquities of Somerset.—As Mr. Ruggs, of Lapwing-farm, in the parish of Shepton Mallett, between Oakhill and the former place, was recently digging over a tumulus, in order to cart away the earth, he came to some stones, in removing which, he discovered several sepulchral urns of very rude workmanship, containing bones and ashes. In digging further he discovered more, in all, twelve or fourteen. The farm is situated on what is called the Beacon, and in the vicinity of some very extensive ancient Roman entrenchments, called Masbury Camp. There are several other tumuli near the one above-mentioned, which in all probability, contain similar relics.

New Royal Exchange.—The workmen began excavating the ground for the foundation of the intended New Royal Exchange, on Thursday, the 5th inst.

The Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square.—The Duke of Buccleuch has presented the committee, of which he is the chairman, for superintending the erection of the above memorial, with the stone for the statue of the immortal hero, to be selected from his Grace's extensive quarries at Graston, in Scotland.

The Old "Suttling-house," St. James's.—Most of our readers remember that unsightly old brick building, generally known as the "Suttling-house," near the entrance of the court-yard of St. James's Palace; it is now being razed to the ground, in order to render a more capacious entrance to the park, through Palace-yard.

The Tesselated Pavement lately discovered by the Dean of Hereford and other gentlemen in making researches at Kenchester, in this county, was, when found, about thirteen feet long and two feet wide, but a very considerable portion of it was destroyed on Sunday night. It is supposed to have formed the border of an apartment. The tesserae are from three-eighths to half an inch square, and are of a white, red, blue, and dark colour. The white appear to consist of lava, and they are all susceptible of a very fine polish. They were placed in the usual description of concrete, the composition of which has not to this day been fully ascertained. Mr. Jennings, sculptor, has, by direction of the dean, securely arranged in plaster of Paris about six feet square of the border of the pavement, and we understand that it will be placed among other interesting relics of antiquity in the Philosophical Institution.—*Hereford Journal.*

Arts and Sciences.

IMPROVED METHOD OF PRINTING CALICOES, PAPER, &c.

During the past week there has been exhibited in Manchester a new machine, constructed to facilitate the printing of calicoes, *mousselaines de laine*, paper hangings, &c., which has excited considerable interest and attention among the trade. The inventor is a Mr. Chassuis, and the patentee, who is introducing it to the public, is Mr. Richard Beard of London. The first that has been manufactured from the model is by Messrs. Houston, the machine-makers of Manchester. It will be fresh in the recollection of those interested in calico-printing, &c., that, some few years ago, a new machine, designed to carry into effect certain improvements in the printing of calicoes, &c., was invented by Mons. Perrott of Rouen, and exhibited at the Exposition in Paris, and subsequently the model was removed to Manchester, from which a number of machines were constructed by the Messrs. Lockett, of that town, and which are now in full work at a print-works near Bury. The machine of Mr. Beard's, it appears, is a decided improvement upon the Perrottive, the latter being only capable of working two or three colours, while the *chassuis* of Mr. Beard is capable of working, in handsome patterns, in eight different colours; indeed, it might be so adapted, as to print at one time, an almost indefinite number. Those calico printers who have inspected it and seen it in full work, all acknowledge its great utility, both as regards the economy of its process, and the saving effected in the prices of printing; and no doubt is entertained that it is a machine of the highest importance to the country, calculated to advance the prosperity of the art of printing, and one of the most happy and ingenious inventions with which our industry in mechanical art has been blessed. The eight colours alluded to are worked by means of one copper cylinder and one surface roller—a kind of work which, according to the mode of printing now in use, would have required four or five copper cylinders, and three or four separate blockings by hand. The principle of the invention is most simple, works with admirable ease, and (what is more important to the calico printer on the old system) it can, at a comparatively small cost, be adapted to the ordinary machines now in use.

NEW AND IMPORTANT SURGICAL OPERATION.

On Thursday, the 22d ult. an operation on the subcutaneous section of the muscles of the back, for the cure of lateral curvature of the spine, was, for the first time in this country, performed by Dr. Hunter, professor of anatomy, Andersonian University, Glasgow, in the presence of a number of the *élite* of the medical profession. The operation consists in

cutting across the muscles of the back that produce the curvature, and, although it has the appearance, at first sight, of being a formidable operation, yet it is so cunningly and simply performed under the skin, that the patient, although in this instance a young delicate lady, complained of no pain, lost not more than three drops of blood, and was only thirty seconds under the hands of the operator. The operation, which has been so eminently successful in France, will, when now introduced into our own country, from its astonishing efficacy and uniform safety, we have no doubt, be soon performed by every medical man in the country.—*Glasgow Argus.*

ELECTRICAL CLOCK.

A GERMAN artist has recently invented a clock, of which the motive principle is electrical. This piece of mechanism is remarkable for its extreme simplicity, the pendulum meeting at either side with a Voltaic pile, by which it is repelled alternately in contrary directions, so that, when the pendulum is once set in motion, it is continually kept going. This invention is spoken of as being extremely ingenious, notwithstanding its simplicity, and perfectly successful.

DOMES.

UNQUESTIONABLY none surpass, perhaps none equal, St. Paul's, in elegance of form, and in effect of altitude. Wren's eye for harmony of proportion is unrivalled; but it must be recollected that the dome of St. Paul's is *not* a dome, but a roof of timber, shielded with lead, and built round a brick cone, exactly like a glass furnace. Skill for skill, our countryman is not inferior to Brunelleschi, but in the Duomo at Florence we behold pure and scientific vaulting, and though the absolute height be less than St. Peter's, yet, as a dome, it is the largest in the world.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXXII.

DISCOVERY OF THE
QUICKSILVER MINES OF IDRIA.

THE quicksilver mines of Idria were not discovered till the year 1497, and then by accident.

A cooper happened overnight to place a new tub under a dripping spring near his workshop, for the purpose of tightening the joints.

Next morning, he was surprized on seeing at the bottom a shining fluid, with the nature of which he was totally unacquainted.

Struck with the phenomenon, he repeated the experiment till he had collected a sample in a vial, with which, full of hope, he trudged off to the nearest town, and submitted it to the inspection of a chemist.

It proved to be quicksilver; when the Spanish crown claimed the mine from which it issued, and for several years afterwards, in Europe at least, monopolized the supply.

A TALE OF HORROR.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

IN September, 1831, an execution took place at Dijon, which was attended with the most horrible and appalling circumstances.

Jean de Launeville, the unfortunate wretch who had forfeited his life by the murder of a fellow-creature in the Revolution of 1830, was quietly playing at *écarté* with a fellow-prisoner, when the door of their cell was opened, and presented to their view a couple of gendarmes, one of whom informed de Launeville that he was to die in two hours. The announcement made him shudder from head to foot, because for the previous eight months he had been forgotten. This had made the unhappy man cease to think of the possibility of dying—but he was now shaved—his hair cut close—he was handcuffed, and was consigned to the confessor. He was then committed to the care of four gendarmes, who conducted him to the fatal scaffold. When the procession had reached the place of execution, the executioner received the prisoner from the hands of the priest—he was bound to a plank—turned down to the horizontal position, and the axe fell! The ponderous triangle of iron moved with some opposition—fell sluggishly in its grooves upon the neck of the culprit, and only wounded without killing him. The wretched creature shrieked so hideously, that it pierced the heart of every bystander. The executioner raised the axe again, and let it fall a second time, when it again refused to complete his deadly purpose. The convict's shrieks were more frightful, and the crowd became clamorous. The executioner drew up the hatchet again, but there was not any better result. The third incision caused a stream of blood to rush from the nape of the wretch's neck, but did not sever the head. The knife was drawn up, and suffered to fall five times; five wounds did the sufferer receive; five times did the condemned utter the most agonising cries, at the same time exclaiming, "Mercy! mercy!" The multitude, exasperated at the sight of this hideous drama, began hurling stones at the executioner. The executioner leaped from the scaffold of the guillotine, and concealed himself beneath it, protected by the horses of the gendarmes. But here the frightful tragedy did not finish. The convict, discovering that he was left alone upon the scaffold, had risen from the plank; and there—a horrible sight!—with his head, half severed, hanging over one shoulder dripping with gore, he implored the affrighted crowd to hasten to release him. The crowd, full of compassion, were upon the point of forcing their way through the ranks of the gendarmes to render assistance to the half-butchered convict; when, at that moment, one of the executioner's *employés*, a young man about twenty, mounted the scaffold, and told the sufferer to turn himself round while he untied him, and taking advantage of the posture of the dying man, who yielded without dis-

sent, jumped upon his back, and began to cut through, with a butcher's knife, all that remained of the convict's neck, which the guillotine had left unaccomplished. E. W.

The Gatherer.

Falls of Niagara.—I opened the window of our hostelrie, to catch the last sound of the Falls. On the fitful gusts, and swayed to full or gentle modulations by the creeping tides of air that swept through the twilight, came "the voice of many waters." Harp sublime! Organ of the Almighty! Anthem unending!

Norman Terror.—"From the fury of the Normans, good Lord deliver us!" was, we are told, in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, a petition in the Litanies of all nations.—*Henry* iii., 554.

Lucretius tells us, in some famous lines, that it is a pleasant thing to watch the sea in a tempest from the shore; it is a far more gratifying employment to be throwing out Manby's apparatus, and saving the sinking mariners from the wreck.

In June, 1800, a naval officer undertook, for a wager, to ride a blind horse round Sheerness race-course, without guiding the reins with his hands; this he performed, to the no small amusement of the spectators, by cutting the reins asunder, and fastening the several parts to his feet in his stirrups.

Lake Van.—The beauty of the lake Van has been celebrated by every Armenian writer, both in prose and verse. Historians interrupt their narrative, and divines stop in the midst of their most serious dissertations, to praise the "Queen of lovely waters."

Providence has wonderfully separated nations by woods and mountains, rivers and climates, languages and inclinations, so that no Nimrod has yet been able to drive all the inhabitants of the world into one park for himself and his successors.

Spofforth's "L'Ape e la Serpe."—The sweet stream of melody which flows through this glee is so admirably enriched with graceful and intertwining harmonies—the expression is at once so correct and so vivid, that it must in its way be always regarded as a masterpiece.

New Comet.—The following are the elements of the new comet, discovered in the constellation Draco:—

	Mean time at Berlin.
Perihelion passage, November - -	19.093
	Deg. Min. Sec.
Place of Perihelion - - -	34 16 34
Place of the Node - - -	247 0 20
Inclination - - - -	83 58 38
Log. of Per., distance - -	0·11830
Direct.	

The daily motion in right ascension is about 1½°; but in declination it is only a few seconds.

Syrians' Respect for the English.—Franks are generally treated with civility, and the English are everywhere popular and highly respected. The Syrians have a high opinion of our wisdom and upright dealing. "The word of an Englishman" is proverbial; and they believe that he can do many more wonderful things than making watches and penknives. It is curious that a very general belief prevails both in Egypt and Syria that the English will one day take possession of these countries; and I have been asked, more than once by Christians, if I knew when the English were coming.—*Kinnear's Cairo, Petra, and Damascus.*

A Bowl of Punch.—It was a steaming reservoir of spirits, where "mingled, mingled, mingled," the contents of six good jugs, which now flowed in golden waves, on whose surface floated fragrant limes and cloves "*multi* in gurgite nantes."

Features hereditary.—The thick lip, first introduced into the house of Hapsburgh by intermarriage with the Jagellons, has been hereditary in the reigning family of Austria for centuries.

There are some sights in this world of so stirring a nature, that they even induce a quaker to put off the meekness of his sect, and bustle stoutly with the muscles of the flesh.

Currency and Sterling.—The children of the settlers in New South Wales are tall, thin, and weaker than the European average; they are, therefore regarded by Europeans as a depreciated race, and nick-named *Currency*, while the Europeans proudly call themselves *Sterling*. The currency lads and lasses are distinguishable at a glance.

The eminent surgeon, Sir Anthony Carlisle, Knt., died at his residence in Langham-place, on Monday, the 21 instant.

Names of Cities.—The names of countries and cities are generally female, and with reason, for it is mothers that found and uphold states.

Lord Chancellor Northington.—He suffered much from the gout; and once, after some painful waddling between the woolsack and the bar in the House of Lords, he was heard to mutter:—"If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

Pope Adrian VI.—His efforts were paralysed by his time. Over his tomb was placed his own exclamation, "Let a man be never so good, how much depends on the times in which he is born."

Insects.—Insects are the glittering mud, thrown on the book of nature.

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